

Unit 47o

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Summary: based on red vs blue. during the great war another organization besides project freelancer was working to create super soldiers. the result was Unit 47o, however, unknown to them, the enhancements that made their men great, would prove to be their undoing

1. Meet the squad

"Dammit it's cold." Alexander, or Five, said as he sat down with a thump in between Four and Six.

"And you think we haven't noticed." Six growled backed.

"Just making sure you knew." Five said as he took off his helmet to reveal a lop sided grin and sandy blond hair. The others however, remained with their helmets on. Five quickly glanced down the line of seated soldiers, all with perfect black armor, and perfect posture. Five was the only one who sat in a lazy, relaxed position. "Wheres Two, Eight, and Ten?" Five asked to the others.

"Well, their obviously not here." One barked at Five in a tone that suggested that Five should sit at attention and shut up.

"Sorry, I was just wandering." Five said to One, rolling his eyes.

"Really, it's a wonder he made the squad with his attitude." One could be heard muttering as he turned his back to the others.

>"Don't pay much attention to him, he's just a grump." Four, one of the only three girls in the squad, said to Five reassuringly.<p>

"Am not!" a voice barked behind Four as a thrown pistol hit her in the back of the head. The impending argument was quickly put on hold when Eight and Ten entered the room, followed by the seven foot five inch tall Two.

"Sorry we're late." Ten said as he sat at the end of the line next to Nine. Eight and Two quickly followed Ten's example and took their seats.

"Excellent. Now that we're all here, I can tell what we are doing." One, the leader, began. "We've all gone through the training with exceptional results, and all of you have done incredibly well learning how to use your adrenaline rush implants." He said all of you, because he was the only one who did not receive the adrenaline implant, because he needed to lead, and when you aren't thinking, and only acting on instinct, you can't lead. "And so, the higher ups have decided it's time to field test us, after all, we are fighting a war, and we're sorely needed."

"Yes, finally, we gitta kill stuff!" Five shouted, spreading out his arms and facing the roof like he was praising god. This was followed by a sharp stare from One, and yet another thrown pistol hitting Five in the head.

"Dammit, where do all these pistols come from!" Five shouted at One.

"I have them specially made." One said to Five, voice dripping with sarcasm.

"That's nice." Five replied.

"Anyway, as I was saying, we're about to be field tested at a place called Wolves Field, an alien attack is expected to be made there, and the base is sorely undermanned, so they need our help."

"You know, if this is supposed to be a pep talk, then you officially suck at them." Five interrupted as he stressed every word.

"Dammit, hey, does anybody know if I'm allowed to court marshal anybody? Cause I seriously want to do some court marshaling." One asked the others.

"I don't know, let's just say you can and get done with it." Eight said cockily.

"Shut up Eight." Five snapped at Eight. All of the sudden One decided to change tactics in order to get everyone's attention.

"All right everybody, follow me to the ship if you want to kill stuff!" Everyone's head immediately darted up, everyone stood up and they all began moving towards the ship ahead of One, all of them were very eager, several were pumping their fists.

Well that is the end of chapter one. The next chapter will be very bloody. And no five is not the main character, he's just the one I focused on in this chapter.

2. blood at wolves field

The camp was the worst, most disorganized mess they had ever seen. Tents were set up in no particular order, it appeared as if the soldiers were just wandering around, without any orders telling them

to guard. It was all a very big mess. They could see a man walking up them, waving his arms. He broke into a run, and soon was standing in front of the team, even though he was panting a little.

"Dude, you ran like twenty feet, why are you so tired?" Five asked snarkily.

"Shut the fuck up, I'm not a fuckin' soldier, I'm a fuckin' personnel executive, so tell me who the fuck you are or I'll tell my men to fuckin' shoot you." The man barked at Five. The team paused for a moment, trying to figure out why the man kept cursing.

"Easy there, no need for the language, where Unit 470, where on loan from Keagan Corporation, you know, the one that makes all of your guns." Three said to the man in his usual laid back attitude.

"Huh, I'm goin' ta need some fuckin' I.D. before I let you into the base."

"I'm not sure this qualifies as a base, ooh, maybe heap, mess, yeah, those are definitely better words for it." Five retorted to the man, who turned red.

"Shut up you little fucktard." The man shouted at Five.

"Well thank you for that compliment." Five retorted. The mans comeback was interrupted when Six walked by him and hit the man with his shotgun, knocking him out.

"What a waste of space." Six grunted as he walked towards the center of camp.

"That works." Seven, one of the three girls said as she followed him.

"Seven, wait up." Nine, the final one of the three girls said as she followed the two of them. The team immediately began to divide into groups; Three, Eight, and Ten, the calm, laid back, intelligent ones of the team went off to talk about nerdy stuff. Seven and Nine went off to talk about girly tomboy stuff, like guns that were colored pink, Four and Five, the mischievous ones went off to plan petty schemes, Two and Six, the dull ones of the group went off smash stuff, and One went off to be lonely.

"So, what was up with him?" Seven asked Nine.

"Who knows, he's probably just weird." Nine replied.

"Soldier!" One yelled at a young man who was target practicing, on a cat.

"Yeah, what do you want?" the man asked, with heavy signs of disrespect in his voice.

"What's your rank?" One asked the man in a commanding tone.

"Why should I tell you? Never seen you 'round before." The man said as he holstered his gun.

"You should tell me because I'm the second highest ranking person in

this godforsaken base." One said in a menacing tone.

"Is that so?" the man asked, taking a step forward, badly hiding his preparations to attack One. This caused One to exhale a long sigh, not so much because he was about to fight, but more so at the mans horribly obvious "Surprise attack." At which, at least to an experienced soldier like One, angered him.

"Yes, that is so." One said, with another sigh. The moment One finished his sentence the man stepped forward and, in what was supposed be a fluid motion, but looked more like a drunken sea gull trying to walk, extended his fist. Ones arm quickly blocked his strike, which was then followed by an uppercut to the soldiers jaw, a strike to his stomach, and, to finish it off, an elbow to the nose. When the man landed on his back One slipped a gun out of his holster and prepared to shoot the soldier.

"So, there's an enemy base right on the other side of that hill?" Eight asked a sergeant, pointing towards the heap of dirt that dominated the view at Wolves Field.

"Yep, been that way since the beginning of the war, and I sure don't see that changing any time soon."

"Hmm, I see. Thank you for this information, it has been very valuable." Three said to the sergeant respectfully. "Well, what do you think?" Eight asked Three.

"I think this entire situation reminds me of this one base I was at once, called Blood Gulch." Three said regretfully. The hill was cut off on one side, forming a sharp drop. At the bottom of the drop was a river that ran directly through the camp. "This is going to be a long mission." Three finished, sighing.

Six and Two had gotten lost. With their intelligence level it really was no surprise. However, it was because of this that one of the bloodiest battles in the war would be fought. They had ended up in some densely forested woodland. It was then that Six saw the camp. It was so disorganized that at first he thought it was Wolves Field, and so, he walked in. it was then that he saw the aliens. Six, as dumb as he was, was also an experienced soldier, and so he knew that the best thing to do when you see an alien is to shoot them with a shotgun, and so he did. He also knew that when two hundred aliens start shooting at you, it is a good idea to run. The aliens also knew that, when an enemy runs, you should follow them.

"Dammit, die you sickos!" Seven yelled as she opened fire with the semi automatic pistol Three had made for her. In her other hand was a normal pistol. The aliens had taken Wolves Field by complete surprise, so almost nobody on her side was prepared. However, it did not appear that the aliens were any more prepared. It was not a prepared attack, like the one they were expecting. From what she could gather, something had happened that had provoked the aliens into charging at Wolves Field with no strategy whatsoever. She could already tell that this battle would be a bloody one, the soldiers around her, both alien and human, were dropping like flies. The man in front of her, who was wearing normal clothing and had only a DMR for protection, charged at the aliens, only to fly backwards in a spray of blood. The soft ground at her feet was turning muddy with all the blood. In the distance she could see Nine stab an alien in

the throat with a bayonet, slam another with the butt of her gun, and kill two more with machine gun fire. She could also see trails of smoke from Ones sniper rifle hit the alien in front of her.

"Dammit, we need to regroup!" One yelled through the radio, just as the world filled with fire and smoke.

End
file.